

THE STATE JOURNAL.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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THE STATE JOURNAL has a regular average daily local circulation in Topeka of more than all other Capital City Dailies Combined, and double that of its principal competitor—a very creditable morning newspaper.

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THE STATE JOURNAL Press Room is equipped with a Lightning Web Perfecting Printing Press—the latest and fastest piece of printing machinery in the state.

Weather Indications.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—Forecast for 24 hours until 8 p. m., Friday: For Kansas—Fair; cooler; variable winds, becoming westerly.

The office is seeking the man, particularly in the Democratic party.

The parodies on "Sweet Marie" are getting in town before the original.

Which of the "respectable" drug stores is it that sells all this "white horse" to the tramps?

No party dare walk with its head too high in the clouds. The people are frowning at all of them.

NEW ORLEANS actually convicted its hoodlums; the south is not so awfully corrupt, after all.

The best rain we have had for seven weeks is one that nobody made, but it just came in the old fashioned way.

THEY are playing "Ingomar" at Emporia. Of course the barbarian looked magnificent in flesh tights and a wolf skin.

LET justice be done though the heavens fall; the heavens never fall when justice is done; it is when it isn't that there's danger.

PUTTING large bodies of men in prison doesn't always stain their characters. Libby's inmates now hold reunions. Will the "wealers" come day?

GOVERNOR LEWELLING thinks because he says friendly things about the oppressed, people ought to forgive him for being stupid; but they won't.

THE police are actually taking credit for the decrease of crime; when they haven't arrested more than half a dozen real lawbreakers this month.

By the time Governor Tillman gets ready to jab that pitchfork into Grover Cleveland's fat sides, we fear there will be no one left who will do the Pochontas act.

CHICAGO is now posing as the proprietor of the greatest wreckage ever seen. Whatever Chicago has, if it were only a boll, it would be the largest known in history.

THE commonwealers want to get to California where they can get work picking grapes; let us hope that they will not drift into picking blossoms off of century plants.

It is to be hoped that \$175 will not very soon again be sent to "reform" the slums of Kansas City while the Associated Charities is calling loudly for money to help Topeka's poor.

THE very best bicycle made in Paris costs \$15 there. Now you see how the bicycle trust sinks you people in the United States; and there wasn't a word said about it in the senate.

Three novels have been written by Topeka men within the past year and sent to publishers, but none have yet seen the light. The trouble seems to have been that the authors were perfectly healthy.

LOTS of good people in Kansas are in favor of reforms, and the Populist leaders are astonished that these good people can't repose the utmost confidence in them. They don't seem to know that they have bunco reputations.

W. W. ASTOR's income tax is \$178,000. As William Waldorf Astor spends all his time and all his money in England, while he gets his income out of the people of the United States, it is no more than right that he pay a tax on it.

DETROIT Free Press: Mrs. Cawker—I wonder what you would do if I were like Mrs. Lesse? Mr. Cawker—Be happy. Mrs. Cawker (incredulously)—Be happy? Mr. Cawker—Certainly! She does all her lecturing away from home.

IT is hard to see why the increase of the police force stopped barn burnings, as the police commissioners say in their manifesto. The police force never caught a solitary barn burner—not one. Nobody knows to this day who the barn burners were. The barn burners stop when they list, and no doubt will begin again when they get ready.

GOVERNMENT (UNLIMITED.)

Judge Cooley says that the industrial armies in their demand for work on government roads had "sympathizers among well meaning people who had only vague and unsettled notions of the functions of government." It never seems to have occurred to the old gentleman that one's notions of government depend altogether upon the point of view. Judge Cooley's notions of the "true functions of government" are no more entitled to respect than any other thinking man's. If the people of this country conclude that it is the true function of the national government to build roads, why the national government will build them, and that will be its true function.

We suppose government is instituted to do whatever a majority of the people want it to do, isn't it? If they want it to run a laundry and a majority of them vote that way, it will run a laundry, and that's all there is about it. The "true functions" of government are exactly what the people want them to be.

When the constitution stands in the way, the people amend it. They have only amended it sixteen times in the last century, and they will probably amend it sixteen times more in the next century. Perhaps the thirty-second amendment will provide for the government running of a laundry, who knows? Judge Cooley is in his dotage. He's fossilized. What has he to do with this age of bicycles, kinetoscopes, theosophy and advanced thought?

GOVERNOR LEWELLING is quoted as saying: "Ten shelterless girls struggling in vain for any position of employment that is made vacant in your cities for one who is successful in obtaining work. What becomes of the other nine? Those who fail—mark my words—are driven to seek shelter with her whose ways take hold on hell and lead to the chambers of death." The governor must have been reading "The House of the Dragons" in one of last year's Cosmopolitans. In it is told a remarkably powerful story bearing on this feature of our industrial conditions.

OUR Populist congressmen had their thoughts lifted so high contemplating the beauties of the future socialistic millennium that they forgot all about the bill providing for irrigation in Kansas. They don't seem to think that while we can't yet have cake we will be very glad to take bread and get along the best we can.

KANSAS PARAGRAPHS.

In the tennis tournament at Pittsburg, G. D. Perry and C. E. Hulet of Ft. Scott won two singles.

Mr. Rude is said to have been the most genteel and tractable man at the Cowley county Populist convention.

Rudolph Hatfield will make the principal address at the state normal dedicatory exercises September 3.

Every newspaper comment on the new postoffice Eve in Bourbon county might be called a dig in the rib.

Oskaloosa has a base ball club composed of young women. They can't touch the ball without making a fair hit.

Foy Weishaar, a farmer living near Winchester, threshed 480 bushels of oats from eight acres according to the Winchester Star.

The Winfield and Emporia ball clubs both claim the amateur championship of the state and both seem contented simply to claim it.

A colored man at Arkansas City displayed a roll of \$123 in bills the other day. To a crap shooter this seems "natural" enough.

Several children have died at Strong City within the past few days who displayed symptoms very much like those of black diphtheria.

The Emporia canning factory is running at full blast. As the American girl said, "the people eat what they can and can what they can't."

The tonic so-fa has been eliminated from the curriculum of the Emporia public schools, but the parlor so-fa is still in great favor among the normalites.

The Newton marshal has instructed the residents of that place not to feed tramps. The next ukase will probably prohibit the taking of missionary collections.

William McKinley (89395) that Sol Miller has kept at the head of his editorial column so long looks like a lottery ticket that came within several hundred numbers of drawing a prize.

Five or six boys were put in jail at Watena last week for stealing water melons. In the small boy's eyes the fellow who gets caught taking water melons isn't a thief but a martyr.

Troy Chief, Dr. Brandenberg, a Marshall county dentist, has been nominated by the Democrats of the Fifth district for congress. It is altogether appropriate, as it is like pulling teeth to induce a Democrat to vote the Democratic ticket, this year.

A big excursion from Neodesha and intermediate points is to visit Wichita the 28th and the Neodesha and Wichita ball club will play. Since Neodesha got to be a town of flowers and gushers it felt it ought to be better acquainted with Wichita.

HOLD PARLOR MEETINGS.

Populist Women Have a New Plan for Winning Votes.

The Populist suffrage ladies have adopted a new plan to enlist women with them in their effort for the ballot. They are holding what they call parlor meetings in the afternoons around at different homes in the city.

There will be one at the residence of Mrs. Fitch at 529 Fillmore street tomorrow afternoon. It will be addressed by Dr. Haviland. The meetings are held once each week.

It is further proposed to establish a custom of lawn meetings for the evenings and extending invitations to the men folk, but the idea has not yet been allowed to fully expand.

In the City

At Babcock & Frost's 701 Kansas ave., "Sweet Marie" comes in and see her.

Topeka Drug Co. 612 Kansas avenue.

Topeka Drug Co. is ready for business.

OUR MINISTER TO CHINA.

Has Held the Office Nine Years and Is Experienced in Diplomacy.

Hon. Charles Denby, United States minister to China, believes the Celestials will score a knockout in the war with Japan, and that, although the battle may last a great number of rounds, China's immense resources and staying powers will give her the victory in the end.

Mr. Denby was on leave in this country when the war began, but he is now hastening back to his post at Peking, which he expects to reach about Nov. 1. During his absence his son, Charles Denby, Jr., is charge d'affaires as secretary of the legation.

Minister Denby, who is now a citizen of Evansville, Ind., was born in Botsford county, Va., about 68 years ago. He was educated at Georgetown college and was such a good student that he captured three medals for the merit of his work. His education was finished at the Virginia military institute, and in 1853 he followed Greeley's advice and went west to grow up with the country. He located in Evansville, where he wrote for a newspaper and studied law. He was admitted to the bar and dabbled in politics with such success that he was sent to the legislature. In 1858 he married a daughter of ex-United States Senator Fitch of Indiana and was surveyor of the port of Evansville under President Buchanan.

When the civil war began, Mr. Denby entered the Union army and made a gallant record in the field. He was lieutenant colonel of the Forty-second regiment, Indiana volunteers, and colonel of the Eighteenth regiment and was twice wounded while in the thick of the fight. He left the service in 1893 and resumed the practice of his profession. After over 20 years of work at the bar, in 1885 he was appointed minister to China, a post he has held ever since, although ex-United States Senator Henry W. Blair was appointed as his successor by President Harrison.

China, however, politely informed the United States that, owing to his anti-Chinese legislative record, Mr. Blair would be considered non persona grata in the Celestial Kingdom, and consequently Minister Denby remained at his post.

Will be Queen of Trinidad.

How an American Girl Married a Baron Who Aspires to Kingship.

One of the numerous ambitious American girls who angle for the lords and barons of the monarchies of the effete east has married a prospective king and will be queen of the new kingdom of Trinidad. To be sure, the island she is

to assist in ruling over "has neither goats nor hogs nor any people," but the people and the pork will come later, and as for the goats—the winds of Trinidad will doubtless get on very well without bewhiskered billys.

The name of the prospective queen of Trinidad was Miss Anna Flagler before she became the wife of Baron Harden Hickey, who is to be James I. of Trinidad, and she is the daughter of John H. Flagler, the Standard Oil magnate.

Trinidad is about 23 miles long and 3 miles wide. It is rocky and mountainous, but has a fertile soil, and despite the fact that it was taken possession of in the name of Great Britain by Dr. Halley, the explorer, in 1700 no one seems to care for it except Baron Harden Hickey.

The island is about 700 miles off the coast of Brazil and should not be confounded with the Trinidad near Caracas, Venezuela. It has no good harbor and may only be approached by shipping when the sea is calm. The shores are thronged with huge turtles, many of which weigh 700 pounds, and the sea is full of palatable fish.

Baron Harden Hickey is 40 years old, was born in France, although his ancestors, the Hickeys, originally came from Ireland. He was educated at the college of the Jesuits at Namur, and afterward at Leipzig, where he became well known as a duelist who would fight at the drop of the hat. In 1873 he devoted himself to sculpture and literature, and later founded a royalist paper in Paris which involved him in a dozen duels, for which he paid government fines aggregating 800,000 francs. He then took a long sailing voyage, was cast upon Trinidad, became a Buddhist in India and married Miss Flagler of New York in 1891. The baron will people the island with subjects chosen by himself and will be monarch of all he surveys, providing Queen Victoria does not call a halt on the seizure of her territory.

More than half the street railway mileage in the United States is now operated by electric power.

Not at All.

He watched the flames in the grate as they whirled into all sorts of fantastic shapes.

"Are you not," he finally asked, "begging the question?"

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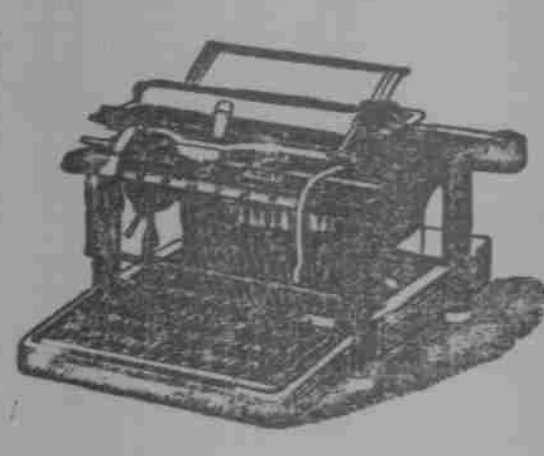
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makes no pretensions that are not supported by its record; advances no claims that the actual performance of each and every machine manufactured will not justify; varies not from one uniform standard of excellence in construction; and therefore maintains, by means of timely and thoroughly tested improvements, its unquestioned pre-eminence as the Standard Writing-machine Simple, Practical, Durable, Easy to Learn and Operate.

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J. F. MYERS. LOCAL DEALER. TOPEKA.

HE'S AFTER 1,000,000 ENGRAVINGS.

Ambitious Lazurely and His Hopeless Attempt at Making a Collection.

"Hello, Cholly. Where's Lazurely these days?"

"Lazurely's working."

"Working! Don't believe it."

"Fact; told me so himself."

"What sort of work is he doing?"

"He's making a collection."

"Collection of what?"

"Pictures."

"Paintings?"

"No; engravings."

"Queer start for Lazurely. Landscapes and that sort of thing, I suppose?"

"No; portraits."

"Butter girls?"

"No. It's the most extraordinary thing. He informed me confidentially the other day that the ambition of his life was to secure 1,000,000 portraits of his dead uncle."

"His dead uncle! And who was the defunct party?"

"Oh, he was a distinguished general in the war of the rebellion."

"And what does Lazurely want with so many pictures of him?"

"Wants to distribute them."

"Oh, I see; among his friends."

"No; among his enemies."

"His enemies? Who are his enemies?"

"Creditors and tradepeople."

"Wants to distribute 1,000,000 portraits of his dead uncle among creditors and shopkeepers! Why, Cholly, he's gone clean daft."

"Not at all. He's got as much sense as he ever had. You see, the portraits of his departed relative were engraved on a series of 81 treasury notes."

"Cholly, you're trifling with my respect for you, but what success is Lazurely meeting with in making the collection?"

"Oh, he feels greatly encouraged. The last time I saw him he had collected one picture."

—Chicago Tribune.

In the Nature of a Proposition.

(Clevertown is just going away for two weeks' vacation.)

Dashaway—Well, old man, have you got all your preparations made—plenty of clothes, room engaged at hotel and all that sort of thing?

Clevertown—You bet, and it's cost me something too.

Dashaway—Certainly it has. A man can't go on a vacation these days for nothing. But you've got enough to carry you through, haven't you?

Clevertown—Oh, yes, I guess so. My board at the hotel will be \$50, railroad fare both ways \$20, and I've got \$100 in my clothes.

Dashaway—I suppose you've drawn your salary for the next two weeks, haven't you?

Clevertown—Certainly. That's included.

Dashaway—And is that all you've got?

Clevertown—What! Isn't that enough? It will see me back and allow \$20 for sundries, won't it?

Dashaway—Certainly. But let me tell you something, and I have had experience. When you get back here, old man, you'll be broke. A man always is, no matter how much he takes away. Then you'll be in a nice fix, for you won't be able to get any money until the following Saturday. Now, what you want to do is not to take all that money with you, but leave some here.

Clevertown—By Jove, I don't know but you are right! How much would you leave?

Dashaway—Oh, say \$10.

Clevertown—But I haven't any place to leave it. I wouldn't dare leave it in my room.

Dashaway—Why, that's easily fixed.

Clevertown—How?

Dashaway—Let me have it.—Trnth.

Joint Owners.

In sailing from New York to Brest in 1899 Charles G. Leland saw on the table of the smoking room before they had left port a copy of the "Ballads of Hans Breitmann."

"Is that your book?" asked a fellow traveler.

"Yes," Leland replied.

"Excuse me," cried another, "it's mine."

"I beg your pardon," said Leland, "but it is really mine."

"I don't care if you did. It is mine, for I wrote it."—Youth's Companion.

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